

MOOSE JAW TIMES.

VOL. VI.—NO. 46.

MOOSE JAW, N. W. T., FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895.

\$150 PER ANNUM.

BUSINESS CARDS.

Under this head Business Cards not exceeding one inch, ten dollars per annum.

W. GRAYSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Notary Public, Etc. Office Main St., Moose Jaw, N. W. T. Agent for the Canada Northwest Land Company, Limited, and the Trustees of Moose Jaw, Town Site.

J. G. GORDON, Barrister, Advocate, etc. Agent for the Manitoba and North West Land Co. Office, High St. Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

W. J. NELSON, Barrister, Advocate, Conveyancer, Room 10, Aberdeen House, River St. E., Moose Jaw.

JOHNSTONE & JONES, Barristers, Solicitors, Advocates, etc. Offices: Cor. South Ry. & Rose Sts., Regina T. C. JOHNSTONE, FORD JONES, B.A.

A. R. TURNBULL, M.D., C.M. Office in Bole's block, cor. Main and River streets.

D. R. P. F. SIZE, L.D.S., M.R.C.D.S. Surgeon Dentist. Will visit Moose Jaw the 29th and 30th of each month.

Satisfaction given both in workmanship and prices. Regna office open from 18 to 29 of each month.

W. D. COWAN, L. D. S., D. D. S., Surgeon Dentist, of Regina, (graduate of the oldest Dental College in the world), visits Moose Jaw staying at the Dining Hall on the first Monday and following Tuesday of every month.

SEYMOUR GREEN, Insurance Agent; Issuer Marriage Licences; School Debentures bought; Homestead entries made; Full list of all lands open for entry in the Moose Jaw District; Farms for sale with from 50 to 200 acres under cultivation, easy payments; C. P. R. and Hudson Bay lands for sale. Money to Loan.

I. O. F., Court, Moose Jaw, No. 509, holds its regular meeting in the Amable Hall, on the last Tuesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m. Every member is requested to attend.

Next regular meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 28th.

R. W. Timmins, C.R. C. L. Ross, R.S.

JNO. BRASS, Tin & Sheet Iron Worker.

CROSBIE BLOCK, MAIN STREET.

O. B. FYSH, Auctioneer & Valuator.

Orders for Auction Sales or Bailiff's work left at Mr. Wm. Grayson's office will receive prompt attention.

LUMBER - YARD AND FACTORY.

Building material of all kinds on hand. We manufacture windows, doors, frames, scroll sawing, &c. Any of the above not in stock made to order on shortest notice. We are headquarters for screens, windows, and doors. Cedar and spruce posts for fencing. Fancy or plain pickets for fencing. We have on hand a quantity of chop, and have just received a car of oak wood. Call and get our cash prices; you will find them right.

E. Simpson & Co.

FOR WINES,
LIQUORS & CIGARS,

The pick of the choicest brands selected from the markets of both hemispheres, also American Lager, Domestic Ale and Porter, Guinness's Stout, and Bass' Pale Ale, call on or write to

OCTAVIUS FIELD.
Terms Cash.

Store closes at 18 o'clock; take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

HOUSE :: CLEANING

The season has arrived when everybody will be looking for something new in the way of house furnishings. Our new goods have all arrived now and been placed in stock and we can give you better value, newer styles, and lower prices than ever.

Tapestry carpets, wool carpets, union carpets, kemp carpets, lime lemons, oilcloths, carpet rugs—have some elegant designs; Smyrna mattes in all sizes and all prices; we have some beautiful patterns and marked at hard time prices.

Curtains and Curtain Poles.

Lace curtains by the yard and by the pair. Just think! A pair of lace curtains tape bound 2½ yards long for 40 cts. a pair. Chenille curtains, art muslin, white spot curtain muslin, art silks, silkettes, saten cretonnes, cretonnes double and single fold from 11 cts. per yard and up; curtain poles, a new stock of beautiful designs. All prices. No need to send your money out of town for those goods; get just as good value at home and you see what you are buying.

Dress Goods.

Our imported order has at last reached us and we are showing some extra values in the latest styles of dress fabrics. Just take a look through this department and see the new serges black and navy; new fancy dress goods in pattern lengths, all extra value and you can say whether pretty or not; ginghams, fast colors, 7 cts. worth 10 cts.

Ladies' Puritan Underwear.

We have over 35 dozen in stock, prices from 8 cts. each up; also silk vests in Health Brand, cashmere vests in Health Brand, very superior goods for durability and comfort.

Hats, Hats, Hats.

We have lots of them, felt, fur and straw, hard and soft, high and low, with the one great feature and that is low in price.

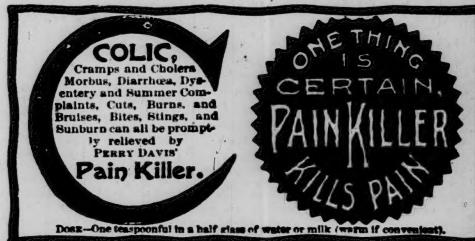
Perrin's Biscuits.

Good fresh stock. See our show window for variety and price.

12 PAIR MEN'S SOCKS FOR \$1.00.
SEE OUR NEW PARASOLS, LADIES' & CHILDREN'S.

We would invite our customers to inspect those lines, and we guarantee to give you good value for every cent and save your money at

T. W. Robinson's.



I. M. CHALMERS :

With the keen competition of trade we have been stimulated to greater care in purchasing than formerly and the result is our stock is undoubtedly the choicest and presents greater values than heretofore.

PRINTS.

In prints the variety and patterns are much superior, embracing the latest designs and colorings. Extra wide cloth which usually sells at 15 cts. we offer for 13½ cts.

One of Our Many Leaders.

Ladies' Health Brand under vests only 9 cents each—Extra Value.

DRESS GOODS.

Our Dress Goods in costume length are acknowledged by all to be wonderful. They are meeting with ready sale. Our Cashmerettes, Crappons, and Duckings are undoubtedly the finest. We invite every lady to examine our many lines.

I. M. CHALMERS.

FOUR \$125 BICYCLES

FREE Now is your opportunity! Do not delay a moment! We will give FOUR BICYCLES as premiums to the ladies or gentlemen coming in the four largest lists of new subscribers to Winnipeg Saturday Night before the end of July, 1895. All that is required

is a little effort in your spare hours and you secure absolutely for nothing one of the BEST MADE CYCLES in America. Begin at once. Send for sample copies and full particulars.

BY WRITING 182 and 184 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg.

SATURDAY NIGHT

THE OTTAWA SUMMARY.

Some Items Cited From the Estimates—Doings and Sayings of Members.

The estimates proposed for Government of the North West Territories is precisely the same amount as was voted last year, viz., \$315,009. Three items are decreased to the collective extent of \$1,845, and that addition is added to the bulk sum for school's roads, etc. The following is the estimate:

Expenditure in Lt. Gov.'s office	\$ 9,820
Schools in unorganized districts	5,000
Residential justice, &c.	6,040
Salary Clerk Leg. Assembly	2,000
Additional salary do.	400
Legal adviser	600
Registrars	18,160
Insane patients, Manitoba Schools, clerical assistance, printing, &c.	30,000
	242,879

There is a total reduction of \$155,000 in the vote for Mounted Police. The pay sheet is cut down by \$50,000; food, forage, fuel and light by \$52,000; clothing, horses, ammunition, medical stores, &c., by \$30,000; scouts, transport and contingencies by \$8,000; and new buildings and repairs by \$15,000. The vote is an even half million against \$655,000 last year. This year's vote will be:

Pay of force	\$240,000
Subsistence, forage, fuel and light	129,000
Clothing, horses, ammunition, medical stores, &c.	72,000
Scouts, guides, billeting, transport of men, &c.	45,000
New buildings and repairs	15,000

The vote for the Indian Department is reduced from \$879,913.57 last year to \$844,588 for the coming year, a decrease of \$35,325.57. The reductions by provinces are as follows: Ontario and Quebec together are reduced \$4,409.57; Nova Scotia \$650; New Brunswick \$400; Prince Edward Island \$300; British Columbia \$650; Manitoba and the Territories \$72,866. The biggest slicing is done on the item for supplies for destitute and working Indians in the Territories, which is cut from \$216,093 to \$176,093 a clear four thousand. The vote for Manitoba and the Territories stands at

Annuities and commutations	\$122,405
Implements, tools, harness	3,167
Field and garden seeds	4,575
Live stock	2,330
Supplies for destitute and working Indians	176,093
Triennial clothing	3,728
Day, boarding and indus. schools	26,911
Surveys	3,000
Farm wages	24,688
Supplies for farmers	11,176
Sioux	4,569
Buildings	111,573
General expenses	3,313
Grist and saw mills	3,063

The superannuation fund has been swelled from \$260,240 to \$273,240, an increase of \$13,000.

The immigration vote is reduced by \$72,433.11, from 202,433.11 to \$130,000.

The vote for the Regina jail is reduced from \$13,789.65 to \$13,768.40, a decrease of \$21.25.

A sum of \$150,000 appears in the estimates to meet expenses of elections. Evidently the present is the last session contemplated for this Parliament. The House now in session consists of 215 members; by the present distribution the next House will contain two members less, and it is noted that the estimates provides for indemnity for only 213 members.

THE BUDGET.

Mr. Foster delivered the budget speech on Friday. By his statement the deficit for 1894-95 was \$1,210,332; that for 1894-95 he calculates, if things brighten up somewhat before 30th June, will be \$4,500,000; and even by cutting the estimates for next year he forces a deficit for 1895-96 of \$1,700,000. To offset next year's deficit he proposes to increase taxation on sugar ½ cent per lb.; whiskey 20 cents per gal, excise and 12½ cents customs; general coffee 5 per cent.; sweetened biscuits 25 per cent.; canned fruits ½ cent per lb.; fruits in brandy 10 cents per gal.; paints and colors ground in spirits and all spirit varnishes 12½ cents per gal.; jellies and preserves ½ cent per lb.; grape syrup ½ cent per lb.; sugar candy ½ cent per lb. and 35 per cent.; molasses ½ cent per lb.; beet root sugar ½ cent per lb. In calculating the current and pending liabilities of the Dominion, Mr. Foster omitted mention of the Trent canal, Hudson's Bay railway, Atlantic steamship subsidy, and other large items which Government has offered to assume; and in following the finance minister, Cartwright pressed him hard, but without avail, to say whether or not the Government proposed to shoulder or repudiate their promises in regard to those works.

In this answer of Mary we can read her character. It tells us of three things: first of a loving heart that had lost the object of its love; second, dependency and discontent; third of strong purpose. The love of Mary for her Lord was not a thing of yesterday. This girl, reared in a happy home, had come to the great city and dappled by

MEASURES PROPOSED.

Mr. McLennan has a bill providing for compulsory marking of all better packages with name of place where manufactured and month and year when produced.

Mr. McLennan also proposes to prohibit the engagement of foreigners as contractors or workmen upon public works in Canada.

Mr. Costowthas introduced a bill providing for recognition and protection of trade-union labels and trademarks.

Mr. McCarthy's bill to grant the North-West Legislative Assembly power to deal with education and languages, is again before the House.

Mr. McLean has a bill making the use of approved air brakes compulsory on every railroad train, "that the engine driver on the locomotive can control its speed without requiring the assistance of the hand brakes;" and also compelling universal use of automatic couplers, "that cars may be coupled and uncoupled without it being necessary for men to go between the ends of cars."

THE PREMIER ON THE H.B.C.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell explained the Hudson's Bay Ry. order-in-council in the Senate on Thursday, admitting that the order had been passed granting \$10,000 a mile for 250 miles, and stating that, of course, the order was of no use until ratified by Parliament. Hon. members said that the cost of the building of the road would not exceed \$6,000 per mile. Toronto and Montreal Conservative papers are showing increased hostility towards the enterprise.

THE RAILWAY PASSES.

In the House on Thursday Mulock's railway pass bill was discussed by some thirty members. Nearly all of them concurred that the principle, or the present pass system was wrong, but nearly all of them had some technical objection to put in the way of the measure of reform proposed. To save the bill from the evident intent of the House to squash it, Mr. Lewis moved the adjournment of the debate to give Mr. Mulock time to file off some of the sharp corners.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Services of Institution of the New Incumbent, Rev. Wm. Watson.

The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle visited the parish of St. John the Baptist on Sunday. The services of the day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion at 8 o'clock. Matins and Litany followed at 11 o'clock. At this service the Bishop preached from John 20: 13, "They say unto her, Woman why weep thou?" She saith unto them, "Because they have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid Him." His Lordship directed the thoughts of the congregation to the despondent feelings of the little company of one hundred disciples which followed the scene on Calvary, Christ's first appearance after his resurrection was to a woman. Wherever woman's name is mentioned in connection with the life of our Lord on earth it is generally the story of some work of mercy or of love. No woman ever persecuted him; no woman ever denied him; no woman ever forsook him. While the brother or the husband was hounding him to death the wife or the sister came to weep at the foot of his cross. As the three women came in the gray dawn of that memorable morning to minister to His body and found the great stone rolled away, Mary lingered weeping while the others ran to tell the disciples of the vision of angels. And in answer to the angel's question, "Why weep thou?" she answered in the words of the text, "They have taken away my Lord." No wonder she wept! He alone could have dried these tears. He alone could have satisfied that human heart.

Thirdly, as to Mary's purpose. These might be discontent and despondency but there was no despair. She turned to seek him. She would find the place whence they had taken him. Little reckoning the weakness of her woman's body, His body must be found that she might anoint it. How the purpose of love conquers every difficulty! The warm heart is ever blind to difficulties. A beautiful picture by one of England's famous painters represents hope as a young girl sitting upon the world. A beautiful form, a beautiful face, but blindfolded. Hope is blind to all that is unpropitious. We have wonderful opportunities of ministering to Christ in relieving the poor and sick and distressed, in compensating their misery and bringing peace to their minds, —wonderful opportunities in serving him in beautifying His church. A loving heart will find something to do for Him. And He who conquered death will warn our cold hearts and stir in us a steadfast purpose and make us look onward to a greater Easter when we shall see Him in the beauty of holiness.

After the sermon and hymns, the Bishop sat in his Episcopal chair, the new Incumbent knelt before him; the churchwardens, Messrs. W. B. Crosbie and R. H. Lowe, standing on either side. After the usual questions and answers the people's churchwarden, Mr. Crosbie, presented the key of the church to the new Incumbent, acknowledging him in view of the parish. Then followed the vernacular and prayers and the impressive ceremony of Institution and Benediction of the Incumbent.

UNDER A CLOUD.

A THRILLING TALE OF HUMAN LIFE

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GUEST'S SUGGESTION.

Stratton did not move, but stood as if lost in thought while involuntarily Guest's eyes were directed towards the door on his left.

A key had always been visible, in old times, by the handle—a key about which Guest had bantered his friend and cut jokes in which the spirit-stand and Mrs. Brade's name were brought into contact. But there was no key there now, and he recalled how Stratton had endeavored to keep him away from that door. A trifle then, but looking singularly suggestive now.

A dozen little facts began to grow and spread into horrors, all pointing to the cause of Stratton's sudden change, and strengthening Guest's idea that there must have been a quarrel on the morning appointed for the wedding, possibly connected with money matters, and then in a fit of rage and excitement—disappointment perhaps, at not willingly receiving the help he had anticipated—a blow had been struck, one that unintentionally had proved fatal.

All Guest's ideas set in this direction, and once started everything fitted in exactly, so that at last he felt perfectly convinced that his friend had killed Brettison and in some way disposed of the body.

Stratton stood there by the fireplace, pale, haggard, and wrapped in thought, apparently utterly unconscious of his friend's presence, till Guest took a step or two forward and rested his hand upon the table.

"Well, Stratton, what have you to say?"

There was no answer. Stratton gazed at him with a fatigued, fixed stare, full of helpless misery, which drew his friend nearer in heart, and he spoke more freely now.

"Come," he said; "speak out. In spite of everything, I am your old friend. I want to help you. Will you trust me?"

"Trust you? Yes," said Stratton slowly.

"Tell me, then, everything, beginning from the morning when you were to be married."

Stratton slowly shook his head.

"Come, then; this is no time for reticence. Tell me all," cried Guest excitedly; and he spoke in a hoarse whisper, and glanced to door and window, as if afraid of being overheard.

There was the same desponding movement.

"I will not be dragged into any confession," said Stratton fiercely. "It is my secret, and I will tell it to none. I have a right to keep my own counsel. You have a right to denounce me if you like. If you speak, you can force me to no greater punishment than I suffer now."

"Then it is all true?" groaned Guest, "You killed him, and hid him there?"

Stratton uttered a mocking laugh.

"That's that!" said Guest huskily. Twice over you have stopped me from going there. Your manner has been that of a guilty man, and I am forced to share the knowledge of your crime."

"No," said Stratton, speaking now with a look of calm content; "you share no knowledge—you shall share no knowledge. You say I killed him and hid him there; where are your proofs? You have brought in the police, and they have searched. What have you found? Again, I say, where are your proofs?"

Guest looked at him wildly, and his lips parted, but he uttered no sound.

"Let me rest, my good fellow, let me rest. You are warning against your own happiness in trying to pry in matters that are taught to you. I will not blight your future, Percy Guest, by letting you share any secrets of mine. There, good-night. I want to be alone."

Guest was about to commence the argument, when the master of the man who looked so pitifully weak, but somehow the other's will was too powerful, and he had to yield, leaving the chambers at last with a shudder of horror, and feeling that he could never take Stratton by the hand again.

For the man seemed changed. There was a mocking, almost triumphant, look in his eyes as he took the lamp from the table, and followed Guest, who was hastening to stand there, holding the light over the massive frame made for his friend to lie in.

A Guest reached the bottom, he looked up, and there by the light which fell full upon Stratton's face, was the strange, mocking air intensified, and with a shiver he hurried across the inn, feeling that the mystery had deepened instead of being cleared.

His intention was to hurry back to his own chambers, feeling that it was impossible for him to go near Bourne Square, knowing what he did, but the yearning for one to share his knowledge proved too strong.

"I won't tell her," he decided at last. "I'll see the admiral, and he will advise me what to do."

He altered his mind directly. "It will be betraying poor Malcolm," he thought; but swayed round again directly after.

"I ought to tell him," he said. "It is a duty. He stood to him almost in the position of a father, and, for Myra's sake, ought to know; and Heaven knows I want someone to advise me now."

He changed his plans half a dozen times before he reached the square, but that of telling the admiral under a pledge of secrecy was the best, and the yearning for one to share his knowledge proved too strong.

"I won't tell her," he decided at last.

"I'll see the admiral, and he will advise me what to do."

"I'll see the admiral in it," he asked.

"Yes, sir, but he's asleep in the library. Miss Myra is in her chamber, sir—not very well to-night, but Miss Edith is in the drawing room."

Guest went upstairs, and, upon entering, Edie ran at him, when all his plans went for naught.

"Oh, how long you have been," she panted, as she caught his hands. "Have you seen him?"

"Yes."

"Have you found out anything?"

"Yes."

"Is it dreadful?"

"Too dreadful to tell you, dearest," he replied sadly.

"Then I won't know," she said, with a sob. "Oh, my poor, darling Myra! She will die of a broken heart, I know, I know."

Guest tried to comfort her and she grew more pale.

"I cannot—I dare not tell you."

"Not tell me—and you said you loved me!"

"As I do with all my heart."

"Then you cannot keep anything from me."

"I'll tell your uncle, and ask his opinion first."

"No, no, Percy. I must know now—I must, indeed. No matter how terrible you cannot keep it from me."

"But it is like betraying the man whom you can give anything to."

"Save? From what?"

"Don't press me, dearest," he said tenderly.

"Trust me that it is best for you not to know."

"Percy, dear," she said gently, as she laid her hand upon his arm; "you can trust me. I always knew there must be something very terrible to make Mr. Stratton prove to be a trouble we could bridge over, and bring them together again."

"I was at his wit," said Guest gently.

"My secret is safe with me."

"No; I came here as soon as I knew."

"Where is Mr. Stratton?"

"At his chamber."

"And you, his friend have left him at such a time?"

"It was at his wit," said Guest gently.

"My secret is safe with me."

"You can trust me. I trust you, Percy Guest. Edie, even if he is guilty, he must be innocent. No, it could not be guilty. I must not be weak now. He may be innocent, and the law can be cruel. Who knows what may be the case?"

She pressed her hands to her temples for a few moments, and then the power to think grew clearer.

"Go to him—from me. Tell him I bid him leave England at once. Leave with him, if you can be of service. Stop. He is not rich. Edie, all the money you have. Mr. Guest, trust this, too, and I will get more. Now go, and remember that you are his friend. Write to me and Edie, and we will send; but, though all is over, let me know that his life is safe."

Guest caught the hand she extended with him, and she pressed it reverently, and closed the fingers tightly round the purse, and gently thrust them from him.

"What?" Myra cried passionately; "you refuse?"

"I want to help you both," he replied gravely.

"O Percy!" cried Edie, with the tears starting to her eyes, and her tone of reproach thrilled her.

"Don't speak to me like that," he said.

"You mean well, but do what you say is to condemn him at once in everybody's sight. It is all so foreign to my poor friend's nature that, even knowing what I do, I cling to his innocence in his innocence."

"Yes, he must be innocent," cried Guest.

"Then should I be right in taking money and your message, saying to him, though not in words—'fly for your life, like a hunted criminal?' I could not do it."

"Myra, Edie—think, pray, what you are doing."

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"O Percy!" cried Edie, with the tears starting to her eyes, and her tone of reproach thrilled her.

"Don't speak to me like that," he said.

"You mean well, but do what you say is to condemn him at once in everybody's sight. It is all so foreign to my poor friend's nature that, even knowing what I do, I cling to his innocence in his innocence."

"Yes, he must be innocent," cried Guest.

"Then should I be right in taking money and your message, saying to him, though not in words—'fly for your life, like a hunted criminal?' I could not do it."

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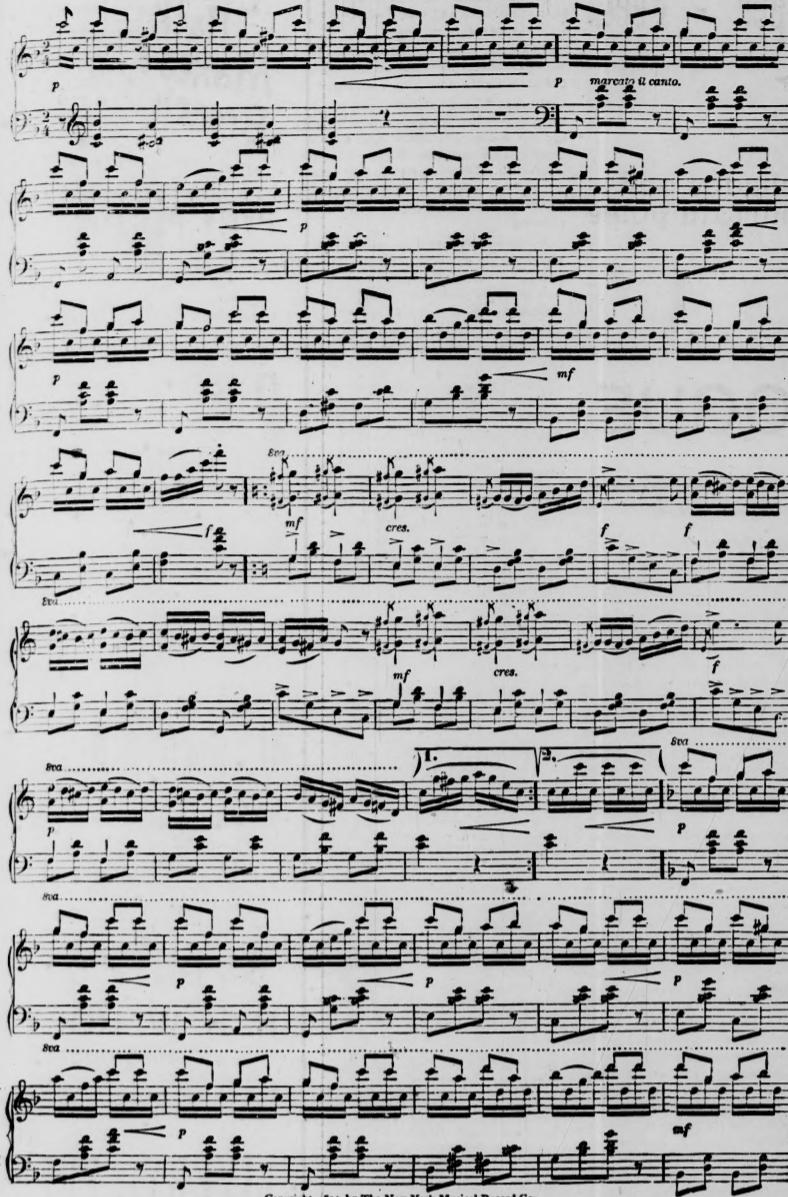
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"Myra, Edie—think, pray, what you are doing."

BIRDS ON THE WING.

POLKA RONDO.

BY EDWARD HOLST.



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YOUNG FOLKS.

Two Strange Children.

Rap—rap—rap
“Why, how do you do, Mrs. King?
Walk right in. How is your little baby?”

Mr. King’s baby was a tiny pug, dressed in doll’s clothes, and his bright eyes looked very much as though he would rather fish about on his feet than to be ying back in his play mother’s arms.

“Well, Mrs. Ray, he is very poorly. He has just had the measles, which makes him very weak. Besides his eyes are so bad he can hardly see out of them. But how is your baby, Mrs. Ray?”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Ray, “she is just getting over her consumption, which makes her have the headache all the time. She is ying in the crib. Won’t you walk in and see her?”

Now Mrs. Ray’s baby was a tiny kitten, also dressed up in doll’s clothes. She was lying back just beautifully, with her little feet sticking up in the air under her pretty red dress.

Mr. King’s baby suddenly said, “Bow wow!” Then Mrs. Ray’s baby jumped right out of his mother’s arms. Then the two children stood and looked at each other, and they did look so funny all dressed up in little lace bonnets and pretty red dresses.

“Oh, dear,” cried Mrs. King. “They are going to fight!”

Then Mrs. Ray began to cry and said “What shall we do?”

Just at that time Mrs. Ray’s brother, Tom, entered the room. He looked at the scene before him for just one moment; then he sat down and laughed.

“I’m sorry,” cried his mother, running in what in the world is the matter with you?”

Then Tom rolled right over on the floor, and laughed harder than ever.

“Oh, mamma,” said Mrs. Ray, wiping away her tears, “won’t you please stop our children’s quarrelling? I’m so afraid to go near them.”

So mamma took up the kitty baby and shut her up in the next room. Then she called Tom away. The little mothers breathed a sigh of relief. “It’s very sad, isn’t it?” said Mrs. Ray, “that our children can’t agree?”

A “Who Am I?” Party.

The following is an amusing and instructive entertainment for a party of young people: Let the hostess of the evening, a day or so beforehand, write the names of some noted persons on as many cards as there will be guests, using the names of men for the men and women for the women. Tie a short piece of baby ribbon in the corner. At the party each guest has

TRAMPS OF THE OCEAN.

THEY BELONG TO NO REGULAR LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.

Dirty Nomads Looked Upon with Great Disfavour by Regular Liners—These Ocean Footpads Are Generally Worn Out Hulks—Out Hulks—Guerillas on the Sea.

There is one very peculiar feature in the maritime life of every country about which very little is generally known and that is the tramp steamship. Every year numbers of steamers, some large, some small, often ugly and dirty to look at, and commonly called tramps from their readiness to go anywhere and take a hand in trade that happens at the moment to promise a profit, arrive at and leave our shores. These ocean footpads are generally worn out hulls, discarded by the companies who own them and belonging to no regular line and identified with no particular class of cargo, and are sent out as a matter of speculation to pick up what freight they can from port to port, like an old and worthless horse turned out of the regular pasture to find a living by the roadside. They are the guerrillas of the sea. Some of them leave their native countries, generally England, Norway, Germany and Spain, a few months before their annual tickets of inspection expire, and remain away sometimes for years without undergoing a new survey and inspection. On such ships the boilers may be

ON THE POINT OF EXPLOSION, the machinery may be in a dangerous condition, inadequate in power to propel the ship against great stress of weather; the steering gear may be warrantied to last at some critical moment; their hulls may be in the last stage of decay, and perhaps their boats are not fit to float when lowered from the davits, yet so long as the vessel holds together and after leaving one port arrives safely at another, no one grumbles.

On the ships whose arrangements are often such that they cannot leave the vessel if they would, for a man is taken to ship, if possible, only married men, and with all other of allsorts notes, leaving half-pay to their families, these seamen must invariably find sureties that they will not desert the ship during the period agreed upon in the ship’s articles. There can be nothing worse in the matter of cheerlessness and discontent than life aboard such craft, and the hardships and grievances of these seafarers are peculiarly great.

The crews are usually of a mixed character, and are made up of Scotchmen (generally as engineers), Scandinavians, English, Irish, Danes, Norwegians, Germans, Italians, Lascars and negroes. Chief engineers receive from \$55 to \$75 per month; firemen, \$19.46; trimmers, \$14.56; carpenters, \$29.19. The average wages may be said to be about

as follows: First officer, \$43.80; second officer, \$29.20; chief engineer, \$88.13; second engineer, \$48.66; carpenter, \$26.76; steward, \$16.16; cook, \$20.40; cabin steward, \$19.46; donkey boy, \$20.40; cabin seamen, \$17.43; ordinary seaman, \$9.73; firemen, \$18.25; mess steward, \$9.73. On French “tramps” the rates per month are: Captain, \$33.60; and 1 per cent. on gross freight; mate, \$35.60; second mate, \$27.62; boatswain, \$21.23; able seaman, \$11.58; chief engineer, \$77.20; second engineer, \$36.80; third engineer, \$28.93; firemen, \$15.44; coal trimmers, \$11.58; carpenters, \$15.44; steward, \$14.48; cooks, \$16.41; boy, \$5.79.

After having been laid up at Liverpool or Glasgow for some time orders will be given to prepare the tramp for sea. Off

she will start on a voyage that will be

EXTRAORDINARILY ZIGZAG.

Perhaps to commence with she goes to Cardiff for a cargo of coal to one of the West Indian islands. Arriving at destination orders are given to put her into the port, and the captain sends a cargo of coffee for Cape Town, from whence he proceeds to San Francisco or New York, if to the latter port, perhaps there is another round trip to Rio, and thence a journey to Antwerp. Eventually the ship gets back home, more or less the worse for her journey round the globe, and then with a coat of paint and a polish to such metal as she may have, this tramp is made to appear as the admiral’s eye a stanch and good ship. Besides being able to carry cargoes and freight at much lower rates than the ships of regular companies the fact of their being able to carry on other business gives them a still further opportunity to unfairly compete with established lines.

The operating expenses of these ocean tramps are reduced to a very low level. The coal consumption is small, in many cases not over twenty-five to forty tons a day; the crew is as small as possible, and the other general expenses are kept at a minimum.

On the sea the tramp steamer is but little liked. Bounding along with a bad look, or, perhaps nose at all, the tramp is a terror to the owners of small sailing craft, yachts, fishing and coasting schooners—and, taking no notice of their light, often crashing into them, remorselessly sending some of the occupants to a watery grave. The officers of mail steamers, also, profess great dislike to the tramp, which may be partly assumed and partly real, for they greatly dread a collision with some badly steered, carelessly managed vessel heavily laden with coal or iron or grain. The question is, what becomes of all the ocean tramps? Some are sold for coasting and up-river trade on the African coast and other out of the way places; many are broken up for old iron, but the majority of them probably end their career, so far as any record of them is concerned, by being chronicled in the daily papers as missing, which means that they have finally succumbed to some part of the sea.

Present Grief and Future Bliss.

Dull discontent will never leave
The shadow from man’s brow;
Next June you’ll wish that you could wade
Through snow as you do now.

Pleasant Now to Go to the Doctor.

That clever adjustment that all things must now practice that hope to survive is nowhere so delitfully shewn as in medicine. The visit to the doctors is now robbed of all its terrors. A young girl who recently came through a perilous surgical operation was asked how she felt. “Bored” she exclaimed languidly, and this was her harsh word. Those amiable and scholarly men, those genial companions and friends, those accomplished men of the world have robbed disease of many of its terrors.

The sugar-coated pill, the compressed tablet, the gelatin capsule, are each instances of medical men’s intention to make himself agreeable. His luxurious waiting room, with its easy chairs, bric-a-brac, its latest magazines and funny papers, in a tempting place to await a pleasant interview, and the recommended dietetic and toning climate, to the person of absolute repose to be waited on hand and foot, to have one’s muscles picked up by massage, to experience the curious titillations of electricity, and take milk punches at 11 o’clock and at 4. There are women who say that the pricking of the vertebrae by electric needles and the searing of the backbone at white heat are sensations interesting and by no means disagreeable.

A Negress Turning White.

Aunt Mariah Gooch, colored, living at Mumfordville, Ky., is twenty-eight years old. She belonged, during slavery days to Joshua Breen’s. Aunt Mariah is gradually turning from black to white. Her face and neck and part of her ears are black, presenting a very marked contrast to her snow-white scalp and hair. A small spot under each arm and one hand and part of the other, with the face and neck, constitutes the entire portion of her skin that remains black. The probabilities are that she will in time be entirely white. During all this marvelous change which has taken place she has had as good health as any one of her age would ordinarily have. She is able to do her own housework, and seems to be good for years to come.

The Growing Boy Ahead of the Anaconda.

“I used to think,” said Mr. Billings, “that the anaconda did a wonderful thing when it ate an animal enough for a dozen meals, even though it slept a month afterward. But, goodness! my oldest boy eats the anaconda’s meal and then sleeps only one night!”

A Game Two Played At.

Why did he marry her?
To keep the other fellow from getting her.
But why did she marry him?
To please the other fellow.

A Lack of Excitement.

Ethel—She would have married him were it not for one thing.

Marie—What was that?

Ethel—He had no bad habits for her to break him of.

SPRING SMILES.

Judge—“What made you turn burglar?”
Tramp—“I am so fat that people refused to give me food.”

“Do you go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maude?” “I go for the him,” said Maude.

“And, papa, what did grandfather do for son. He was a member of congress!”

She—“Papa is saying that you stay too long when you call on me.” He—“All right. I will not come so early after this.”

“My furnace,” said the man who keeps house, “is out of sight.” “It is mine” replied another: “out of sight—crite.”

“A designing man I hate!” cried Nell. With scornful head erect.

And yet within a year she loved

And wed an architect!

“Beware of the widdar, Samivel,” said old Weller. “Werry good, old man,” returned Samivel. “I’ll never have one if can help it.”

He—“Oh you may talk, but you would have been mad enough had I married any body else.” She—“Yes; anybody I cared anything about.”

Mr. Newcome—“What is the latest at the opera?” Miss Wagner—“For the last three nights it has been young Mrs. Feliz in her latest Parisian gown.”

She—“Way, this is only thirty-two inches, and you advertised it as a yard wide. Three feet make a yard.” (Faint salesman)

—“Not such a fast as you, lady.”

“There’s a good deal that is well about Cholly Cuckoo,” said one girl. “Yes,” replied the other: “the only trouble is that most of it has gone to his head.”

Mamma—“You and your little visitors are doing nothing but sitting around and looking miserable. Why don’t you play something?” Little daughter—“We is playin’.”

“Playing what?” “We is playin’ that we is growed up.”

Traveler (inquiring at famous castle)—“Can I see the antiquities to-day?” Servant—“I am afraid not, sir. My lady and her daughter have gone to town.”

I saw De Ca tro, the magician, make a \$20 gold piece disappear in three minutes.”

“That’s nothing. You ought to see my wife with a \$20 bill at a church bazaar.”

“Oh, George!” “Laura, dearest, I’m so glad to see you, of course, but I just will have my nieces rumpit!”

“I do not like big women,” said the heady gentleman sitting next to an unusually tall lady at dinner, and then seeing his blunder, he added, “At least, when they are young.”

In the spring the young man’s fancy

Turns to love and tender scenes,

But the maiden meditates on

Wrap and dress and new spring coat.

“I say, doctor, tell me what the difference between the grip and a cold really is?” Dr. Pillem (in a confidential tone).

“The doctor’s fees.” People don’t call a physician for a cold.

Of all bad words of wife or cook

These probably are worst,

To man with slender pocketbook:

“The water pipes have burst.”

Consumption.

People treated and two bottles of medicine sent Free to
any one who gives the name and address. 2-12
PHARMACEUTICAL CO. LTD., Toronto, Ont.

THE TIMES

Published Every Friday.

Grayson Block, Main Street,
Moose Jaw, N. W. T.

WALTER SCOTT, Editor and Proprietor.
SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 per year.

Schedule of Advertising Rates on Application.

Advertisements of Wants, To Let, Lost,
Found, etc., when under 1 line, will be inserted
for 2c.; subsequent insertions 25c. each.

All transient advertisements, such as
Awards, Mortgages and Sheriff Sales, Assignments,
and also Government and Corporation notices,
inserted once for 12c per line; subsequent inser-
tions 8c.—solid nonpareil measurement.

JOB PRINTING

Our job department is equipped with every
appliance necessary for turning out first-class
work at shortest notice. Prices moderate.

The Moose Jaw Times.

"And what is writ, is writ—
Would it were worthier!" —Byron.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895.

The very hurried manner in which the Mounted Police were compelled to proceed, in taking the Territorial census just completed, precludes the possibility of its being at all accurate. We are told of a case in an Assiniboine town, where a well acquainted resident glanced at the complete census list of that town; in going over the names on two streets he was able to point out omissions of some fifty inhabitants. Moose Jaw's population two years ago, taken by the town in-spector, was over thirteen hundred. It is now put under one thousand. It is scarcely credible that the National Policy could have reduced it so nearly 25 per cent. in the short term of two years.

The Regina Leader spent two weeks in discovering that THE TIMES was misled by the Associated Press despatch respecting the weight of the poll in the recent Haldimand bye-election. The actual vote in Haldimand was not published until ten days after the election. Despite The Leader's declaration that it was a large vote, it was not a large vote; it was the smallest vote polled in Dominion election in that riding in many a year. The Leader says, "it was not a Liberal who was elected in Quebec." We think the Liberals may congratulate themselves upon that fact. The Liberals' surely will not be jealous of any glory that may attach to The Leader through McGreevy's election.

Commencing on Thursday next and continuing every Thursday thereafter during the season, a refrigerator car will leave Winnipeg for Vancouver. This is a continuance of the regular refrigerator service inaugurated by the C.P.R. last season, and last year's rule that delivery from the car may be made only at points west of Dunmore is again published this year. There can be no insurmountable obstacle standing in the way of the granting of the privilege of this car to Moose Jaw. The car is supplied with ice at this point, and the contents are always rebuilt here. It is probable that a request by the Board of Trade would induce the company to include Moose Jaw in the list of points of delivery.

Now that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company are showing a disposition to determinedly grapple with the prairie fires problem, a strong effort should be made to secure the co-operation of the Dominion Government in quelling the evil. To ensure success the active assistance of everyone interested or affected must be enlisted. The efforts of the railway company will be in a great measure nullified unless the government and the settlers lend earnest aid in the prevention of those fires which are not started by locomotives. In settled communities this duty of prevention should be assumed by the settlers themselves. The government should be pressed to look after the large sections of unoccupied lands. It is upon these that the greatest injury to soil and climate is being wrought by the fires.

Macleod will not be forgotten at the Territorial Fair. The Gazette says that a varied assortment of sports from the district has been arranged for the fair. Many of the most prominent broncho busters and scientific cow men will be there, including J. Franklin, J. Read, Gopher Dick, Billy the Kid, Lew Murray, Billy Stewart, J. Patterson, G. McKay and W. Arnold. Outlaw horses will be taken so that the genuine article will be produced. Calf Shirt with his rattle snakes will add to the charms of the show, and he will secure an extra supply of the finest kind of rattlers for the occasion. The Lethbridge gun club will have a team present and probably Macleod. Polo will be a distinct feature, including teams from the Blackfoot and Stoney Indians, Macleod (mounted police and civilians), High River, Calgary and other places.

SEED GRAIN FOR SALE.—I have received instructions from the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, to ask for tenders for all surplus grain not needed by settlers. There are about twelve hundred bushels of oats, eleven hundred of wheat, and two hundred of barley on hand. AMOS ROWE, Agent Dominion Lands.

The above advt. appears in the Calgary Herald, and it may be accepted as indisputable proof that the Dominion Department of the Interior is a most capable department, and that the late apportionment of seed grain in the Territories was made ably and equitably! Moosomin district, which exported thousands of bushels of wheat, was given seed; Wolseley district, which did not ask for seed, was given seed; Calgary district, in which grain-growing is only a side issue, was given seed—more seed than the people would take; while those districts where the granting of seed to the settlers was an absolute necessity for continued cultivation of their holdings, were given less than half the amount required. Comment would be superfluous.

Fighting Joe Martin, says the Ottawa Journal, rather startled the House of Commons the other day with a statement concerning the size of the income made by the government inspector of wheat at Fort William. The inspector works on the fee system. Wheat is inspected when put into the elevators and again when taken out. For first inspection, the fee is 60c. for 1000 bus.; for second 40c. About 20,000 car loads a year go through, which makes \$16,800 for the inspector. But this is not all. The inspector must take a quantity of wheat from each shipment as "sample." Finally he may sell the "sample," and he pockets about \$2,000 more. And yet again, by his position he controls the fire insurance on grain, which swells his cash income to \$25,000 or \$30,000 a year. Except at busy seasons the inspector may do all the work himself. Mr. Martin calculated that \$1,500 a year would pay all his assistance. Controller Wood would not admit that the inspector's income was quite so large as Joseph figured it, but did admit that the system of payment of that inspector required some changing.

The United States Alien Labor law thus unfairly affects C.P.R. employees at Moose Jaw:—Canadian employees are not eligible to do any work, or act in any capacity on the Soo line south of the boundary, while American employees are allowed to, and actually do work and run trains to Estevan, north of the boundary. American employees may come into the Canadian end of the Portal yard to unload cars, while Canadian employees are prohibited from going to the American end of the yard to unload cars. Canadian employees demand the passage of a Canadian Alien Labor law, to operate in Canada as the American law operates in the United States. Mr. Taylor has introduced a bill in the House to cover the case, providing against importation or immigration of aliens under contract to perform labor or service in Canada, and further that hereafter all contracts made with foreigners for performance of labor, by any person in Canada, previous to the arrival in Canada of such foreigner, shall be void. The Brotherhood of Trainmen at this point have had Mr. Taylor's bill under consideration, and have forwarded to Mr. Davin suggestions for its improvement.

Oats - and - Chopped - Feed.

JUST RECEIVED

Window shades and Window curtain poles.

Lowest Prices for Cash only.

R. BOGUE.

DISAPPOINTING ESTIMATES.

(Montreal Star.)

Mr. Foster has attacked our expenditure with a pen-knife when nothing short of a buzz-saw would have sufficed. The country is threatened with a thumping deficit. Now there are only three ways of meeting a deficit. One is to clasp on more taxation; a second is to run deeper into debt; and a third is not to spend more money than we have.

The first of these programmes is impossible in the present temper of the people; the second is recklessly improvident when we already have a debt that costs us over twelve millions a year to look after; and the third is hopelessly abandoned on the first estimates which Mr. Foster has brought down.

What then do the Government propose to do? The only sane and patriotic course would be to revise and curtail their own estimates. It is all very well to plead that this would be very, very difficult under the circumstances; but our expenditure must be brought within the four corners of our income at some time—and the sooner, the better. Our people have no intention of taxing themselves more heavily in order that the Government may build Curran bridges and Quebec harbor works with a free hand. It is less taxation and not more that the country is clamoring for; and if the Finance Minister goes abroad to add more millions to the public debt, he will be followed by suspicion and disapproval. He may well bring the guillotine down upon our expenditure now as at any time.

The estimates submitted net us a saving of less than \$500,000, to set over against a deficit of possibly eight or ten times that sum. It is true that a much larger amount than last year is required for the redemption of the debt; but this is only a warning to us that our public creditors may be expected to meet us all through the future at precisely the most inconvenient times. Instead of being regarded as an excuse for plunging farther into debt, this little circumstance should be a red light warning us back. It is a poor policy to let hard times drive us to the money lenders.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine-tinted nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood, You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by W. W. Bole under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

They Call It Overwork.

Business requires a clear head; yet how few business men—with all their sense—realize what is the trouble with their heads. They call it over-work, worry, anything but what it really is—indigestion. This stealthiest of ailments usually comes disguised as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of Ripon Tabules cleared your head and brightened up the business outlook?

Ladies Bank on the House.

Last week a Lethbridge firm, says the *New*, received a consignment of bananas and on opening them discovered a large spider inside the wrappings. It proved to be a tarantula, which is supposed to be one of the most poisonous of insects, and a box with a glass front was found and the insect placed on exhibition in the store window. On Monday a mouse was caught and put in the box with the insect, one of the firm declaring the tarantula would kill it in short order, but Mr. T. crawled to the top of the box and remained there nearly all day. When it did come down the mouse tackled it and killed it.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney, and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and care this is your remedy. Sold by W. W. Bole, Druggist.

Pioneer.

PIONEER, May 4, 1895.—Seedling sold in this district, and nearly all the time are assuming a greenish shade.

We are glad to see our esteemed citizen Mr. Glassford is able to be around again, and but little the worse for his accident.

Mr. Alex Wilson was slightly injured by being bucked from his broncho a few days ago, but is able to be around again and attending to his manifold duties. He has secured the contract of refitting and halting our public school, and has quite a number of mechanics engaged on the work at present.

Sunday evening last was made the occasion for an exciting piece of broncho busting. I think it would be much better for some of the people who occupy leading positions in the educational and religious life of this district to attend church on Sunday and break bronchos at some other time.

Arbor day was the date set down for the first meeting of the Summerside Turf Club. The leading feature at this meet was to be a contest between Mr. A. McKeown's well-known runner "Daisy" and Mr. A. Smith's filly "Susie S." Mr. McKeown secured the services of Bobby Tobin, well known on the Summerside turf, while Andy Smith, the boy jockey of Pioneer, handled the strings for "Susie S." As considerable stakes were put up a good race was expected. A full account of it will be given in next issue.

VERITAS.

Pull Down Your Vest.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR.—We were pleased to discover in the last issue of the Leader a notice of the last ball given at the Barracks in Regina. We think however that the writer of this delightful paragraph would be more at home on the staff of a society journal than on the staff of the sober-sided Leader. He informs us that "from an alcove, came the inspiring strains of the Two Step." The unthinking reader might imagine that "an alcove" was a new species of musical instrument. He goes on to describe the "Two Step" as "a riot of motion and a wheel of grace all in one." We have seen waltzes of every kind but until our attention was drawn to the fact, we never saw any like them in to "wheels of grace." Surely we are still of opinion that in this instance "where ignorance is bliss, &c., &c." Surely the imagination of this talented writer must have for once run riot, doubtless from the effect of that "inspiring orchestra." After such a lofty flight of imagery as the aforesaid w. o. g. he kindly lets us down easily. "Mrs. Herchmer was there too." How simple and touching is the phraseology recalling to us the composition of our school days. After telling us of the presence of several notabilities at the dance he seems to reach a congenial subject. "Refreshments were served at midnight, when the 'extras' began to sleep in with the wee smalls over." Now we would be glad to learn what the "extras" had been doing while they arrived so late, and why did they deem it necessary to "creep in" with the wee smalls? It appears to us that by adopting such a mode of progression, they were guilty of a great want of courtesy towards their blushing partners, "the wee smalls." How strikingly original, by the way, that last phrase is and how refreshing to the jaded senses. "The first break in the social swirl was over." In the words of Polonius "social swirl" is good. We had been led to believe that a swirl was connected chiefly with water and we had even imagined that water was a fairly hard thing to break. Perhaps this notice is the "first break" that the writer has made in connection with "society reporting," but we sincerely trust that it may not be the last, as such power of expression and graphic word-painting are far too rare in this master of fact age, as to be doomed to be hidden under a bushel or buried in the columns of that political organ, The Leader.

EXILIS.

Craven, April 30th, 1895.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease. In 30 minutes and 10 days it effects a cure. It is a perfect remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose cures.

Sold by W. W. Bole.

Every Hack Makes a Break

in the system, strains the lungs and prepares a way for pneumonia, often times consumption.

PYNY-PECTORAL

positively cures coughs and colds in a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, sooth ing and healing in its effects.

LARGE BOTTLE, ONLY 25 CENTS.

OYSTERS IN BULK.

Prepared to suit the most fastidious. Cooked to please every customer—in every known style and form.

HARRY HEALEY, THE CONFECTIONER.

Ottawa Hotel.

Elaborately fitted up with latest improvements. Lighted throughout with electric light. Billiard hall and commercial rooms in connection. Every accommodation for the travelling public.

Choice Liquors and Cigars.

R. H. W. HOLT, PROPRIETOR.

Hogs bought and sold. Fine Dressed Hogs on hand for sale.

LIVERY, FEED

AND SALE STABLES.

First-Class Livery Rigs.

Best accommodation for the travelling public.

Draying to all parts of the town.

Premises High Street.

William Walsh's Old Stand.

WILSON AND McDONALD.

OCEAN STEAMSHIPS ROYAL MAIL LINES.

The Cheapest and Quickest ROUTE

... To the ...

OLD - COUNTRY !

SAILING DATES.

Laurentian—Alcan Line May 11
Parisan—Alcan Line May 12
Labrador—Dominion Line May 11
British Prince—Dominion Line May 18
Lake Winnipeg—Beaver Line May 25

FROM MONTREAL:

Paris—American Line May 8
Berlin—American Line May 15
Teuton—White Star Line May 8
Etruscan—White Star Line May 16

State of California May 11

State of Nebraska May 25

Noordland—Red Star Line May 8

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All seats free and unappropriated.

WORK OF RECLAMATION

MR. NELSON'S ADDRESS ON PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE.

Delivered at Last Week's Meeting of Royal Templars—Charity an Expedient Necessity—Suggestions Made Right to the Point.

The following eminently practical remarks were made by Select Councilor Nelson at the meeting of R.T. of T. held on Tuesday of last week. They will repay perusal by all persons interested in the work of reclaiming victims of the flowing bowl:

The breach of their solemn obligation by some of the members of this degree at regularly recurring intervals, despite the desire of the Council to permanently reform them, forces me to the conclusion that a method far from perfect is being pursued in this regard, and if my remarks this evening may be conducive to more fruitful results in the future, in our effort to reclaim the inebriate, or may arouse the members to greater activity in practical Temperance work, I will consider myself amply repaid for my short address.

The day is passing away for unmitigated abuse to be heaped upon the drunkard merely on account of his drunkenness. Personally I have the most unbound sympathy for any creature who is the victim of this most destructive of all human diseases. I advisedly use the word *disease* in referring to the victims of alcoholism, with a view to exhorting the members to exercise a greater degree of charity and a more liberal spirit of brotherly love towards those who are overcome by its ever-un satisfied cravings. At the present time there are several Royal Templars who are duly breaking their obligation—not deliberately I am free to confess, but simply because in themselves they are powerless to resist the disease. They are perhaps encouraged in their dissipation by the alarming increase in the number of "drunks," which many of you must have perceived on our streets during the past week. The manner in which such unfortunate members should be treated, the attitude to be assumed towards them, and the means to be employed in our efforts to reclaim them, is worthy of the most serious consideration.

It is assuredly one of the noblest aims in life to lend our efforts to the good work of endeavoring to save our fellowmen from the evil and destructive consequences which are sure to follow the excessive and continued use of spirituous liquors.

The day when members of our society and kindred orders were alluded to as "temperance cranks" has passed away. The moral sense and sympathy of every right minded person in the community is with them in their laudable aims. Moreover a society as powerful as this can silence the ridicule of the few and cause all citizens to treat with respect not only temperance workers but every man honestly endeavoring—though he oft times fails—to rid himself of the curse of alcoholism.

Men have said, "A man is no man when he can not take an occasional glass without becoming a drunkard," and not unfrequently have they added, "When I cannot control myself I will let it alone." It is true some men are thus happily constituted. Others are not. All are running a great risk in cultivating the appetite. They are hazarding their manhood, and who can hope to attain it in its full perfection while tampering with a spirit whose nature is to destroy the very essence of manhood?

But I leave the fortunate life-long moderate drinker to the enjoyment (if of his glass—if he will not abandon it for the sake of his weaker brother. I am dealing at present with the man who drinks to excess. I have said

DRUNKENNESS IS A DISEASE.

Leading medical scientists on this and the European continent are my authorities for the statement.

The 19th century has been pre-eminently one of remarkable inventions and great scientific discoveries; and in none more notable than in medical science. No discovery of modern times is of greater consequence than one which affects our very natural existence, and declares that drunkenness is a disease and should be so treated.

This disease, or perhaps it is more correct to say this symptom of a disease, is of such a peculiar nature that even learned men, who gave their whole lives to the study of the ills which flesh is heir to, were slow to pronounce it such. They called it a "habit," even those addicted to it were enslaved by its craving appetite, even though, as we well know, many would have given all their possessions to be free from a thralldom which they were conscious was ruining them, body and soul.

A healthy man, from a physical and moral point of view, will have no more desire to drink strong drink than an ordinary man would have to put his hand into the fire. Very few men become drunkards merely because they like the taste of the spirit, be it brandy, wine or whiskey, but because some function or symptom is abnormally developed.

Through different causes or for divers reasons, men are led in the first instance to tamper with alcoholic stimulants. The present wide spread habit of treating oft-times induces them to take the first glass. The use of a little has led to a desire for more; the use of this little more for a desire for still more; the desire constantly increasing by what was feeding it, constantly demanding larger doses, more frequently repeated, of the "sweet spirit," which had formerly been regarded as "a good creature," until the will-power is so weakened, the intellect so dulled, the moral sense so dimmed, that the poor victim has been

UNABLE TO BATTLE

any longer against the ever-increasing strength of the current hurrying them on to destruction, and become drunkards. General ill health sets in. Other diseases such as delirium tremens, cirrhosis of the liver, epilepsy, and paralysis follow later on, till at last death relieves the victim, and another misspent life has ended its sad and sinless course.

THE ANTIDOTE.

Contemporaneous with the discovery of the disease, an almost never-failing antidote was discovered by medical scientists. The remedy commonly known as the "Gold Cure" has been a wonderful boon to mortals, and though expensive at first the present lowness of price places it within the reach of the poorest. The cures effected by it leave no doubt as to its efficacy. I quote the language of one renowned physician in this regard: "It would be a grand stride for the science of medicine if other diseases could be so certainly cured as that of drunkenness." The Grand Council of the Templars for the Territories, of which body I have the honor to be an officer, alive to the importance of this discovery, and to encourage practical temperance work, established a department in connection with the Medicine Hat hospital, where the gold cure has been for some time past administered to patients, at a cost of a few dollars over the bare charges for board. A number have already been cured and bear living evidence to the permanent efficacy of the cure. Arrangements have now been made whereby the gold cure can be forwarded and administered at Moose Jaw, for strictly private treatment, at a cost of \$14.00. This excellent provision, made by this council, now places the remedy at our very doors, for a sum which even an ordinary drinker often spends in a few hours in the purchase of intoxicating liquors. I solicit the co-operation of every member of the order in exhorting habitual drinkers, be they members or not, to avail themselves of this remedy, if they are powerless of their own strength to resist the disease.

I fear, powerful and active as our Council may be in other respects, that

THERE IS A FAILURE

on the part of the members to do that practical work which we ought to do in this regard. There is a tendency to be Templars in name only, content with attending the meetings and enjoying the literary exercises, without troubling ourselves, during the week, to search out and visit the victims of intemperance.

Moral suasion and the taking of the obligation may be sufficient safeguards to save some, but there are others, regarding whom we must employ sterner remedies. We must resort to the gold cure if the patient can be persuaded to take it and consents to aid us by his will-power. Without the aid of the latter, the drunkard cannot by home treatment be cured and he will return to the adder which stung him, as I have lately seen in a case where the remedy was taken under my own observation. Far better to attend the hospital if possible. Yet there are difficulties besides the extra cost in this course. A slave to drink is different in a town to one in a city. He is more exposed to general ob

servation. If he goes to the hospital, every person in town is soon aware of the fact. Realizing the gossip and banter that such a step on his part would occasion, he shrinks from it and

SINKER DROWNED IN THE SLOUGH.

Yet if he can be persuaded to earnestly strive with all his will, to try the cure, the home remedy is equally efficacious in its result. Let your motto be "Nil desperandum," and never despair though your brother falls from grace a dozen times. While there is life there continues the hope of reformation. If you fail to succeed by moral suasion or the above remedy, there is one course left—one which I would advise the Council to resort to as little as possible—namely,

INTERDICTION.

Our License Ordinance contains many excellent provisions. One is that provided by Sec. 92 which enacts in addition to other provisions:—

"When it shall be made to appear to any two justices of the peace that any person, by excessive drinking of liquor, mis-spends, wastes or lessens his or her estate, or greatly injures his or her health, or endangers or interrupts the peace and happiness of his or her family, the justices shall, by writing under their hand, forbid any licensed person in the Territories to sell him or her liquor for the space of one year."

Severe penalties are provided for a breach of this section.

Yet, I repeat again, that this remedy should be resorted to only as a "dernier resort," but yet it would now seem an expedient course to pursue in regard to one or two members of the order, for the other remedies have failed.

Lastly I enjoin you to practice in all cases to all those who may be slaves to alcoholism—ever buoyed up with hope—more of the true spirit of fraternal sympathy, ever remembering that

HOPE IS THE SHEET ANCHOR
of our craft and Fraternity the bond of vital union.

I am often pained to observe when a brother falls how few of our members extend to him the hand of fellowship and sympathy. Do not shun him as though he were a loathsome object with an infectious disease. A little kindly aid and timely advice may impart to him a moral strength that may embolden him to overcome the appetite of the disease. To jump upon a man, metaphorically speaking, during a time of such internal war, to reduce him to abjection with the story of his sins, to tear him all apart in hunting for his poor fugitive soul, is an in judicious course to pursue. Let the physical man get firm upon his feet. His physical salvation is only begun, not accomplished. Do not, while he may be making a gallant fight for his manhood, so masculine or dispiriting him that he may resign his task as hopeless and drink the more.

Do not behave like canting saints, nor as people qualifying in a cheap way for harps and crowns, and humiliate him by contrasting your virtues with his vices. Speak not of his shortcomings, but silently thank God they are not yours. Be kind to the victim and bring his manhood into play. Make him feel that he is still respected and that you have a fraternal interest in him. Make him feel that he is not "the sad and dejected of men" mortal, that the victim to strong drink usually considers himself to be. By this course the new pride that will come into his heart when he again feels respectable and respected will aid him in resisting the old craving when it again revisits him. Avoid, again I say, all unwise exhortations. Men are driven back frequently when they are made to fly like an angel among the clouds, or all their efforts are vain and their damnation sure.

I grant you if the half-rescued man can be brought under the magic spell of true religion, so much the better—indeed the better; but to attack a man in his sore moments is apt to upset his equilibrium and spoil all. Let him contemplate with pride the advance he has made, without crushing him by disclosing the distance that still divides him from the height of sainthood. No practice is so unwise and so manifestly unfair as that of swooping down on a man in the throes of self-reformation, repulsing any advance, if he be not fortified for the whole journey. Injury is often done, by broaching spiritual affairs without exercising worldly sense, and in truth I have the testimony of my own experience in this regard.

Ever follow the injunctions of the Templars obligation, "Be charitable to all, especially the victims of intemperance." In conclusion, I again exhort you to greater activity, even at personal sacrifice, in practical temperance work, and in the words of our beautiful ritual, in Hope, Love and Truth, I pray that God may be with us in our efforts to promote this noble work.

Ever bound by Honor's sacred laws, Oh, shrink not from thy chosen part; Keep pure and undefiled the cause For ever nearest to thy heart. Head not the shafts of curse cast, The foul or hissing bolts of scorn; For with the right shall dwell at last The victory of endurance won,

Doctor What is good
for cleansing the Scalp and
Hair, I seem to have tried
everything and am in despair
Why Mrs. R. the very
best thing is PALMO-TAR SOAP
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the head it prevents dryness
thus puts an end to Dandruff
and freshes the hair nicely.

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EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

REUBEN E. TRUAX

Hon. Reuben E. Truax, one of Canada's ablest thinkers and statesmen, a man so highly esteemed by the people of his district that he was honored with a seat in Parliament, kindly furnishes us for publication the following statement, which will be most welcome to the public, inasmuch as it is one in which all will place implicit confidence. Mr. Truax says:

"I have been for about ten years very much troubled with Indigestion and Dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try the Great South American Nervine Tonic. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from Indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow-sufferers from the disease to give South American Nervine an immediate trial. It will cure you."

"REUBEN E. TRUAX,
Walkerton, Ont."

It has lately been discovered that certain Nerve Centres, located near the base of the brain, control and supply the stomach with the necessary nerve force to properly digest the food. When these Nerve Cen-

tre are in any way deranged the supply of nerve force is at once diminished, and as a result the food taken into the stomach is only partially digested, and Chronic Indigestion and Dyspepsia soon make their appearance.

South American Nervine is so prepared that it acts directly on the nerves. It will absolutely cure every case of Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and is an absolute specific for all nervous diseases and ailments. It usually gives relief in one day.

Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle-aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses."

Dr. W. Webb, of New Richmond, Indiana, writes: "I have used South American Nervine in my family and prescribed it in my practice. It is a most excellent remedy."

For Sale by W. W. BOLE,
Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

WOMEN ON THE WARPAT.

ANGELS AND DEMONS OF THE CAMP AND BATTLE-FIELD.

An Engish War Correspondent's Recollections—The Petroleum of the Siege of Paris—An Incident of the War—Herosism of the Red Cross Women.

The amount of material which preceding ages have supplied with references to "Women on the Warpath"—from Helen of Troy and Edith, who searched in the glances of an October moon for the dead body of Harold, even to martyred Joan of Arc, and innumerable heroines of more recent date—might well occupy far more space than is at my command; hence it is I have elected to devote this pen and pencil sketch to such women on the warpath as I have personally met when representing the Illustrated London News and other papers at the front.

The very word *Petroleum* sends a thrill of horror through those who can recall the atrocities she committed in the second siege of Paris, as described by eye-witnesses, among whom I, at the time, found myself. Fortified with absinthe to a condition of recklessness, daring, and well supplied with petroleum, she sailed forth from her squalid attic or cabaret at Belleville, Clinchy, or some other equally disreputable suburb as night closed in, leaving in her train

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

on every side in that city of ruined palaces, which the Germans in their attack and occupation had so considerately spared. It was, indeed, a grim sight to see her hurrying over the debris, prying and peering into such houses as were still standing, for the most convenient means by which to fire them, and thus add to the rack and ruin around, a feeling equalled alone by the grim satisfaction of seeing, as I did, some 700 of these abandoned wretches after the troops had taken the city, securely caged, awaiting Cayenne or execution, in the *étrangerie* at Versailles; surely, the fair sex, even in the reign of terror, could not have appeared to more hideous disadvantage than these women of Paris in the second siege; though it never must be forgotten that the highest, as well as the lowest motives actuated French women of all grades at that time, and that Sisters of Charity, Vivandieres, and others who then came to the fore, justified one's adding to the old proverb, "Le monstre est le frère de femme"—especially France. It is, in fact, quite a relief to refer to the heroism of her Majesty (then Princess Elizabeth) in excellent English, "how many beds had Lady Strangford in her hospital?" "Forty-eight, your Majesty?" "Then tell her Ladyship when next you see her, Mr. Congiby, that I have fifty-four." Her Excellency ride raised her above her social station. "Carmen Sylva" was in to the goods; there was a merry twinkle in that royal eye.

Another scene worth remembering took place while I was at Plavna, which curiously affected the destinies of a certain tiny damsel, who was found left behind in a shattered Bulgarian hut by the advancing Russian troops. At the end of the war this little waif was tenderly cared for and educated by the officers and men of the regiment which had found her, developing eventually into a very lovely and accomplished girl, who only a few years since married a dashing young Lieutenant of that same corps which had been instrumental in saving her life.

Surely fact is stranger than fiction. Here is yet another instance of a Russian cavalry officer who, having just married, was about to start on his honeymoon when, war being declared, he was ordered instant to the front, whither, in defiance of military permission, which could never have been accorded, his young wife, circumventing an enormous number of difficulties, succeeded in following him; and, where, on several occasions, I saw her riding round the lines, often drawing fire from the Russian *pitons*. She somehow managed to remain, nevertheless, throughout the greater part of the campaign, which, as her young husband had come to his own discomfiture, his anxiety for her safety almost eclipsing his sense of duty. Non sibi sed patre; not for himself was it that he grieved, but for his country.

There was, by the way, an old female cook, who, after the flight of its landlord, completely

being thus separated from my charming fellow-prisoner, that beautiful blonde.

In Servia I was much with the English Red Cross Sisters and doctors, who, as they always do, distinguished themselves brilliantly in their self-sacrificing devotion to the sick and wounded. I am here reminded of one occasion, when bringing from Semendria to Belgrade seventeen maimed soldiers, I effected the journey partly in a sort of tumble-down steam barge and partly in requisitioned wagons. It was in the small hours we arrived at the Belgrade hospital, yet those Red Cross nurses, already nearly worn out with fatigue, were indefatigable in their ministrations to my contingent of wounded, working throughout the whole night to alleviate the pain of the sufferers, among whom may be mentioned in this connection, Mr. White (now Lady White), the charming wife of the then representative of the British Government in Belgrade, who was always first and foremost in the good cause of charity.

As an instance of the ruling passion being strong in death, I may mention the fact that only two of my charges died; one on the barge during the journey, the other in the hospital. When the case of the latter was found to be hopeless, he was told by Mr. White (who speaks Servian) that if he had any special wish it should, if possible, be complied with. For some time he was silent, then, with a bright smile, he looked up into her anxiously sympathetic face and said, "apple." I at once rushed out and returned with several; he seized them with nervous energy, and commenced devouring them ravenously, dying, in fact, in the effort, before he could finish it.

Foremost amongst distinguished women on the warpath was

THE QUEEN OF RUUMANIA

"Carmen Sylva." My first acquaintance with this most fascinating sovereign was at her Red Cross Hospital at Bucharest, Congiby, the Times correspondent, who was with me at the time, had just left Philippiopolis, where Lady Strangford was also devoting her best energies to the succor of the wounded. "Tell me," said her Majesty (then Princess Elizabeth) in excellent English, "how many beds had Lady Strangford in her hospital?" "Forty-eight, your Majesty?" "Then tell her Ladyship when next you see her, Mr. Congiby, that I have fifty-four." Her Excellency ride raised her above her social station. "Carmen Sylva" was in to the goods; there was a merry twinkle in that royal eye.

"Thirty years ago I began the practice of my profession in the French quarter of New Orleans. I was a very young man then, and as I was working alone, my practice grew slowly.

At a late hour one night I was aroused by a policeman to attend a man who had been found dangerously wounded near my office and lodgings.

I found the patient suffering from

BEYOND EXPLANATION.

AN AWFUL STORY OF VENGEANCE TOLD BY A DOCTOR.

A Dying Man's Declaration of Revenge Tarnished Out Years After His Death—A Theory as to Soul Transmigration—A Strange and Bloody Martha Story.

In one of the clubs of a large city a few

nights ago a number of professional men of more or less prominence were grouped around a table when the subject of spiritualism was brought up, and, after some discussion, that was changed to the subject of the transmigration of souls. During the discussion Dr. Pascal, who is known as a close student of, if not an actual believer in the supernatural, was asked if he had ever witnessed an actual occurrence in real life that would furnish a substantial basis for the belief in the theory that the soul of one who has gone before controls the actions of a living being. In reply to that question Dr. Pascal said:

"I do not speak as a believer in the theory that the soul, if such a substance exists, is transmitted from man to man, nor do I proclaim myself a skeptic. We all know that in matters relating to man, where reality ends faith must begin, else we are disbelievers in the traditions and teachings of ages, which are commonly called Christianity. Yet I doubt not that in the experience of every man here there has occurred some incident, some matter of fact, that could not be explained to his satisfaction unless he accept as a truth that our real life is in some way coupled with an invisible existence that we know not of. In my professional experience I recall one such incident, and, as it relates directly to the subject under discussion, I will tell you the story. I shall relate the facts. The reality, the mystery, or the explanation I leave to you.

"Thirty years ago I began the practice of my profession in the French quarter of New Orleans. I was a very young man then, and as I was working alone, my practice grew slowly. At a late hour one night I was aroused by a policeman to attend a man who had been found dangerously wounded near my office and lodgings.

I found the patient suffering from

NUEROUS STAR WOUNDS,

and a hurried examination, made by the light of a lantern, convinced me that his condition was very serious. My office was close at hand, and the nearest hospital or police station some distance away, so I suggested that the wounded man be taken to my office, where I could bind up his wounds and attend the flow of blood.

The man done, and a closer examination reversed the fact that he was fatally hurt, and could live but a few minutes.

"The man was a swarthy-faced French man or Creole, apparently 60 years old. In removing some of his clothing I found a long bladed athlette of peculiar design.

The blade was stained with blood, and I at once guessed that the man had been engaged in a fight to the death and had attempted to conceal his knife. It was plain that his wounds were not self-inflicted.

The police tried to get from him the name of his assailant and the cause of the fight, but to all their questions he only shook his head.

I questioned him with no better success until I told him that he was fatally hurt and could live but a little while.

"Are you sure Doctor?" he cried, in broken English, at the same time springing up from the couch where he was lying.

Assured him that I could not be mistaken, that his minutes were numbered. Again he struggled to get up, but I held him firmly, which was easy enough to do, as he was very weak.

"Send them away; I have something to tell you," he said, looking toward the policeman. I asked the officers to leave the room, and remain within call. When the door closed behind them the wounded man asked me to give him his athlette. When I hesitated he said feebly and said he meant no harm. I gave it to him, but watched him closely. He stroked

THE BLOOD-STAINED BLADE

as a child would play with a favorite toy.

In the Creole jargon he talked to the murderous-looking weapon for a moment.

"Thirteen 'thirteen'" he muttered, counting some irregular notches in the bone handle of the athlette.

"Thirteen—an unlucky number—and there was only one more.

Only one more, and there is just room enough for another notch.

One more and the record would have been complete—the blood of a Raynal avenged."

"But I was too old, too old!" My arm was weak! Thirteen gone—but one lives!

He had purchased from one of the dealers of the battle-field a massive gold ring with a Russian monogram on it, and was now anxious

that it should become, at an advanced price

the proud possession of this souvenir of the proud fight, adding that, if I had any doubt

about its genuineness, the goldsmith who had appraised it would be pleased to

supply the finger of the dead man from whom it had been taken.

I was, however, in this case (with the finger thrown in), not to be tempted, although (minus that dead man's digit) a fellow correspondent at once acquired the relic.

"Doctor, can I trust you?" he asked in a whisper.

"I told him he could.

"Then take this and keep it; mind you keep it!" he said, placing the athlette in my hand. "It is the weapon of a Corsican's vengeance."

My name is Jean Raynal. I was born in Corsica. In me lives the soul

of vengeance. A Raynal was murdered once, and the soul of the murdered man

lived again in his son, and lived only for vengeance.

THE MURDERER WAS KILLED.

Others of his families have died. We

have followed them to the ends of the earth. Thirteen dead; but one remained.

To-night I met him and tried to finish the work. I am old, but was stronger than I.

The work is not yet done. The soul of a Raynal will live. Keep that—keep the weapon of our vengeance. Some day the work will be finished."

The old man pressed the weapon into my hand. He was gasping for breath and I knew the end was near. I tried to get him to tell me the name of his enemy but he would not.

"Keep that! Guard it for me and some day you may know all."

"With his right hand still grasping the handle of the blood-stained knife the old Corsican died with the story of his vengeance unrevealed.

"The police investigated the case, but

he clew to the mystery of Jean Raynal's

death was ever discovered. In fact, they were unable to learn much about the dead man. He had been a cobbler by trade, and had lived in New Orleans two or three years. In that time he had worked in almost every shop in the city, never staying long in any one.

"He always lived alone, and, as he had no friends, it was impossible to learn anything of his history. I kept the athlette as I had promised. For years it hung on the wall in my office, dark red spots showing where human blood had

STAINED THE BLADE.

Sometimes I stopped to look at it, and recalled the dying words of the old Corsican. Some day the work will be finished. Twenty-two years had passed since Jean Raynal, the old Corsican cobbler, died in my office. The old Corsican cobbler died kindly with me. I had built on a large and profitable practice, had moved into a fashionable quarter in another part of the city, but the curious old Corsican athlette still formed the centre of a group of curios that hung on the wall of my office. One day a well dressed young man, evidently a Frenchman, called at my office, and I treated him for some trivial complaint. He was a stranger to me, and mentioned the fact that he had arrived in the city only the day before. I asked who sent him to me for treatment. He answered promptly that no one sent him; it was chance merely that caused him to stop at my office after passing half a dozen others in the same street. I had never seen him before, but there was something about his face or voice that reminded me of some one or something I had known in the past. Who or what it was I tried in vain to recall. The young man was taking his leave when he caught sight of my collection of curios on the wall. The Raynal athlette attracted his attention at once. It asked me many questions about it, and I told him the history of the weapon. His interest was visibly increased and

HE WANTED TO PURCHASE IT, but I declined to sell. He said he was making a collection of weapons with histories, and would pay me any price I might name for the old athlette. As the man talked he kept his eyes fixed on the weapon, and the feeling that there was something familiar in his face or voice was growing on me all the time. But I could not trace the resemblance, whatever it was. My chance patient was evidently sorely disappointed when I refused to sell him the old athlette. He called the next day to report that my treatment had benefited him, and again I tried to part with the weapon. Again I refused to part with it. The man called once more to complain. That time he did not repeat his offer to buy my favorite curio, but I noticed that he looked at it again and again, with a peculiar expression in his eyes. His health was very much improved, and before leaving that day he paid his bill, and I did not see him again.

"A week after the last visit of the young Frenchman my office was broken open one night by a person, evidently a novice in burglary, for it was a bungling job. Only one article was stolen. That was the old Corsican athlette. I offered a liberal reward for its return without claim, but no one came to claim the reward, and I had despaired of seeing the weapon again, when the city was startled by a mysterious midnight assassination. Armand Duval, an aged restaurant keeper, well known in French quarter, was found

MURDERED IN THE STREET

near his home. The crime had been committed after midnight, and the assassin, in his haste to get away, left the weapon with which he had committed the crime lying on the ground by the body of his victim.

"I read in the newspaper a description of the knife used. It was a scimitar, and, from the description, I recognized the weapon stolen from me. It was a scimitar, and I had little trouble in proving my original ownership of the fatal knife, and the theft, and in time I recovered my property. When I examined it I found fourteen notches on the handle. There were only thirteen when it was stolen from me. Then, like a flash, my memory cleared, and I knew that the mysterious young Frenchman in some way resembled Jean Raynal, the old Corsican who died with his work of vengeance incomplete. Then I recalled the dying words of the old Corsican. 'The soul of a Raynal will live. Some day the work will be finished.'

"To me it was evident that the work was finished. The soul of the Corsican vendetta did not die with Jean Raynal."

SMOKER'S CRAMP.

It Afflicts Those Who Roll Cigarettes, and Has Appeared in Europe.

A new disease has appeared in Europe, which has been styled smoker's cramp. It is very similar in its effects to writer's cramp or writer's cramp. The disease is caused by rolling cigarettes with one hand. For many years it has been common in Spain, although some smokers are so expert as to make a cigarette with a single twist of the fingers. Since a law was recently passed in France permitting the manufacture of hand-made cigarettes, the disease has spread to that country. It is caused by rolling cigarettes with one hand. It is among them that the disease has appeared. In Spain, however, it is not confined to the cigarette girls, but is a common ailment among the rest of the population who indulge in the fragrant but baneful pastime.

Of Interest to All.

"During dangerous weather of this sort," said the old Doctor, "the most careful persons are apt to catch a cold in their chests that will extend swiftly to the lungs if not attended to. It usually makes its presence known by a constricted sensation just under the breastbone, where the flesh is the thinnest. When a person experiences this feeling he can rest assured that he can procure almost instant relief by drinking a cup of water as hot as he can bear to take in the mouth and to swallow. There is no better medicine in the world to arrest the progress of a cold than hot water, and, besides its effect upon the stomach and the system generally, it is beneficial in the highest degree. And in sore throat the remedy will be found almost a specific."

The Queen's Baggage.

Our Paris correspondent learns that the greater part of the Queen's baggage, including 134 boxes, has been already forwarded to the Rihards, so as to be at the Hotel Cimiez before Her Majesty. The railway lines by which the Queen is to travel have been informed that she will pass over on the 15th and 16th of next month. She will be due at Darmstadt on the 24th of April.

ONE LONG ROUND OF CURRY.

The Food the European Encounters While Living in India.

"Although Europeans in India fear Indian beef and eschew pork," said the returned East Indian, "they have several devices for obtaining edible meat. Groups of European residents at Bombay and Calcutta sometimes purchase a flock of English sheep and fatten them for the table. It is thought a great thing to buy a live sheep from one of the incoming ships, and when an English resident does this he invites his friends to dinner. Now that portable refrigerators are so excellent, game and fish are sent out from England to India, and pheasants are brought from China.

"You find along the daks or post roads of India bungalows in charge of natives. The traveler who carries his own bedding and many other necessities may stop for two days at bungalow for a nominal fee payable to the attendant. There is a price list of foods, and the traveler, of course, pays for the cooking. The meat at the daks bungalow is always foul and always curried. Curry, indeed, hides the poverty of the Indian bazaar. It is used with almost every kind of meat and fish. Every Indian kitchen has a slab like that of the lithographer, and a stone roller, and on any morning you may see the cook preparing the curry paste for the day. The curvy powder of commerce is unknown to domestic India.

In the old fashioned furnaces there was no air shaft, they simply took their air from the ceiling itself, but now almost all first-class furnaces are supplied with them, because they furnish pure dustless air. Their care is one of the most important requirements in running a furnace, for they furnish it the breath of its life. Too many people do not recognize this at all, and as a result they never get satisfaction from their furnace. In the first place, the expert says, you must be sure that the shaft is free from all obstructions. In the second place, the amount of air you take through the shaft must be closely watched, and in a day when the wind blows into the mouth of it may even be better to close it up and draw the air from the cellar. When occasionally a furnace man is called up to see why a furnace does not heat a house, he immediately seeks the air box, and he usually finds there the source of the trouble. If you don't give a furnace air enough it can't heat a house, because it has no medium by which to communicate heat and it devotes itself entirely to making the pipes and registers red hot and throwing out a tropic heat into the cellar. If you find your register is very hot and that by holding your hand a few inches above it you can't feel any heat, you have not air enough coming through your air box; but on the contrary, if you had the current of air through the register is cold, you are getting more air through that of it.

"There are many excellent fish in the Indian waters. The fish at Bombay, dace, mackerel like jelly, is served for breakfast, with eggs, and the southern fish, and the northern fish, and the oysters another. Oysters, too, have been planted along the Indian coast, but Europeans have a notion that they are unwholesome and many will not eat them. Indian milk is thin and white, and before leaving it day you can heat, and should shut some of it off.

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"There are

Wall Paper Again!

Our reduced prices turned the procession of wall paper buyers our way. We have sold more wall paper this spring than ever before. There are plenty of snags yet. Join the procession.

W. W. BOLE.

The Moose Jaw Times.

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

The population of Medicine Hat is placed at 981.

Miss Pierson of Estevan passed through on Tuesday to Broadview.

Mrs. Patterson gave a tennis party at Estevan on Monday last, which was attended by the élite of that town.

To celebrate the nuptials of Mr. and Mrs. Colter on Monday of this week, an enjoyable dance was held that evening at Hopkin's hall, Estevan.

The whole force of section men on the Pasqua branch was concentrated at Yellowgrass on Tuesday to make imperative repairs on the roadbed at that point.

Robt. Thompson, of Abernethy, has bought Mr. Annable's, of Moose Jaw, pedigree Suffolk Punch stallion, some of whose colts have taken first prize at Winnipeg.—*Grenfell Sun*.

It is proposed to hold a basket picnic at Farewell school house on May 24th. There will be sports, &c., during the afternoon and songs, recitations, &c., by scholars and friends in the evening. A hearty invitation is extended to everyone.

Mr. Malcolm Winter has been appointed to assist Rev. T. W. Cunliffe in the Episcopalian charge at Estevan. Mr. Cunliffe will hereafter visit that field only once every six weeks. The rev. gentleman returned from there on Tuesday, and after spending a day in Moose Jaw, proceeded to Maple Creek.

Dominion Immigration Agent Swanson, of Waterville, Que., passed east on Saturday, having located a number of Scandinavian settlers at Westaskiwin, Alberta. He will return in July with another party. Mr. Swanson has been instrumental in inducing a great number of good men to remove from various parts of the United States to Alberta, having now being engaged in the work for several seasons. Those whom he has located are invariably progressing comfortably.

Waghorn's Guide for May contains additional features of interest besides the regular time cards of Railway, Ocean and Lake travel. It abounds with information on all matters of interest and necessary to all residents or visitors in the Province, and no business man can afford to be without it. Its success has inspired imitators who reproduce contents of the Guide, so the publishers of Waghorn's Guide announce that they will offer the Guide with the original reliable tables at 5 cents per copy or 50 cents per year, whilst such plagiarism lasts. No doubt the publishers will materially extend their already extensive circulation as a result of the public appreciation of the low price and the merits of the work.

This is a practical age. We are getting down to the fact that we have but one time to enjoy ourselves and that we will be a long time dead. Get health and happiness and save time by riding a bicycle. Winnipeg Saturday Night are going to give four to the ladies or gentlemen sending in the largest list of new subscribers for that paper. These are beautiful wheels and the best made. It is the biggest thing in the way of newspaper premium ever offered in the West. Some of our enterprising young people should bring one of these wheels to town. Saturday Night is the best printed, illustrated and edited paper for the money sold. See advertisement and then write them quick for sample copies and full instructions.

Mr. R. Randall visited Regina on Tuesday.

J. G. Gordon, barrister, visited Regina yesterday.

Land Inspector Rogers returned to Regina on Tuesday.

Mrs. D. McMillan returned from Medicine Hat on Sunday.

Mrs. Smith of the dining hall is visiting friends in Winnipeg.

The collapse of a bridge at Sicanous delayed No. 2 express on Monday 12 hours.

The St. John's Church social held at Mrs. Ostrander's on Wednesday night was well attended, and the entertainment was greatly enjoyed by all present.

Mr. T. E. McWilliams interviewed Governor Mackintosh yesterday regarding the proposal to place a manufactured sample of Moose Jaw clay on display at the Royal Canadian Exhibition.

C. F. Raymond, of Guelph, Ont., and of the Sewing Machine Co., bearing that name, visited town last week, spending a day with the local agent, Mr. Gass.

Rev. C. E. Paget, rector of Holy Trinity, Muscatine, Iowa, was in town last week, on his way to visit his brother, C. B. Paget, of the Western Milling Co., Regina.

D. McLean, C.P.R., engineer on the Soo branch, was in town part of last week disposing of cattle, horses and other property he acquired when here a year or so ago.—*Prince Albert Advocate*.

The Bishop of Qu'Appelle will shortly go to reside at Indian Head, having accepted Lord Brassey's proposal. The plans for the Bishop's residence to be built by Lord Brassey are prepared and the erection will at once be proceeded with.

Bishop Burns was accompanied to Moose Jaw on Saturday by Miss Body, daughter of Canon Body, the noted English divine. Miss Body went south the same evening to visit an uncle at Oklahoma, U.S.A., after which she will return to England.

Lieut. Governor Mackintosh, accompanied by R. B. Gordon, secretary, returned to Regina from Ottawa on Tuesday morning. They left Regina again for Calgary, yesterday morning, and will return to Regina on Sunday. His Honor says the prospects for the complete success of the Exhibition become constantly brighter. He returns to Ottawa about the 20th inst.

DOG OWNERS NOTICE:—Owners of dogs are hereby notified that tags may be procured from Hugh McDougall, town treasurer. Dogs found at large without tags after this date are liable to be impounded and destroyed, and owners of such are liable to be prosecuted under by-law. The dog-by-law will this year be rigidly enforced.

Stovel's Pocket Directory for May is on our table. The information it does not contain about Winnipeg and the West, would be unique and mysterious. There are tables concerning societies, clubs, associations, orders, boards, councils and institutions, time tables, postal guides, express rates, stage routes and game laws, and everything else conceivable.

Mr. Lovelace Hewgill, the gentleman who has been lately ransacking the country for historic facts, on behalf of the Lieut.-Governor, went on his way rejoicing on Saturday last, having secured bushels of information. He found the country greatly altered since his last visit 16 years ago, more particularly as regards the size and quantity of the rocks which bothered him a good deal, and he was particularly annoyed at the Stand Off trail on this account.—*Macleod Gazette*.

The C.P.R. contract for ploughing fire-guards on both sides of their line from Swift Current to Indian Head, eventually fell to the lot of Mr. Jas. Cline of Moose Jaw. Mr. Cline began work on the contract on Tuesday afternoon. Eight teams—some four-horse, some two-horse and others ox-teams—were started out. They will each carry a furrow direct to Swift Current. There they will move to the other side and turn, and will plough each a 198 mile furrow to Indian Head. Again they will cross and turn, and will bring their furrows to Moose Jaw, when the contract will have been completed.

A clergyman was very anxious to introduce some new hymn books into the church, and arranged with his clerk that the latter was to give out the notice immediately after the sermon. The clerk, however, had a notion of his own with reference to the baptism of infants to give out; accordingly at the close of the sermon he rose and announced that "All those who had children whom they wished to have baptised were to send in their names at once to the clerk." The clergymen, who was stonedeaf, assumed that the clerk was giving out the hymn book notice, and immediately rose and said: "And I should like to say for the benefit of those who haven't any, that they may be obtained in the vestry any day from three to four o'clock; the ordinary little ones at 1s. each, and special little ones with red backs at 1s. 4d."—From the *World of Wit and Humor*.

FURS, HIDES, PEELS, WOOL, ETC.

SHIP ALL SUCH GOODS TO
Jas. McMillan & Co.

Incorporated.

200-212 FIRST AVENUE NORTH,

MINNEAPOLIS.

MINN.

Goods bought right out; no commissions charged.

Shipping tags furnished free upon request.

There is NO DUTY ON Raw Furs or any other goods we handle.

Write for Circular giving Latest Market Prices.

The Old-Timers Play Ball.

On Arbor Day, after the arduous official duties of the occasion had been cheerfully disposed of, the citizens assembled at the ball grounds to enjoy the sight of a struggle for supremacy on the diamond between the married and single exponents of the beauties of base ball. The anticipated struggle did not become painfully apparent. Whatever secondary position the poor benedicti have in subject to hear within the home circle (particularly when they have occasion to stray home and lose the key-hole to the second place on the ball field).

The bachelors were sent to bat and allowed to make a couple of runs, so that they would not lose their courage on the start and spoil the game. Then Hunt for the married men took his base on balls and Burpee who followed hit a four-bagger, bringing Hunt home; through lack of sand on the rails Burpee only made second, but he finally finished his run in good order, though a little behind time; and the old chaps scored a few. In the next

innings Bob Martin was side-tracked at third to wait for orders, and the bachelors failed thereafter to catch up to the score. Cline forgot to loosen a brake in the fourth, nevertheless the married train did not lose a second and finished its run on schedule time, with the single outfit far in the rear. The bachelors changed pitchers three times every innings without avail. O. B. Fysh for the old men stood behind the bat right through the game, and his fingers finally swelled so that a passed ball was an impossibility. At the close of the seventh, when the game stopped, the proportionate score was 9 to 16. The players were: Bachelors—Baxter, Martin, McLellan, Simington, McAuley, McLeod, Williams, Morris, McLean, Cullen, Nelson and Flenning. The Soo team, Dugald, on Wednesday and conducted routine business.

The Pottery Proposal.

At a special meeting of the Board of Trade held on Saturday, Jas. Franklin, chairman, was elected. A Committee was appointed to pursue active temperance work outside of the Council, consisting of Messrs. Timmins, Fleming and Valentine. Literary exercises were conducted by Messrs. Morris, Sanders and Battell, Messrs. Daniel, McLean, Cullen, Nelson and Flenning.

The Soo team, Dugald, on Wednesday and conducted routine business.

Royal Templars.

A regular meeting of Royal Degree was held on Tuesday evening. Jas. Franklin, chairman, was elected. A Committee was appointed to make a grant of a suitable site for the factory, and a deputation was appointed to interview Mr. Ross of the Executive Committee respecting an appropriation for the building.

Royal Templars.

A man travelling in the saddle from Lethbridge to Qu'Appelle last Saturday was arrested by Mounties at Swift Current last week, charged with stealing a horse at Medicine Hat. After being detained three days the man was released. He came east and on Tuesday evening arrived at Moose Jaw. He stopped at Cavan on the chance. He was held at Moose Jaw until yesterday afternoon, without trial, when he was released on a writ of habeas corpus for his release. These repeated and apparently causeless detentions have made a mad man, and have considerably altered the man's ideas respecting British fair-play, law and justice.

Arrested Without Warrant.

A man travelling in the saddle from Lethbridge to Qu'Appelle last Saturday was arrested by Mounties at Swift Current last week, charged with stealing a horse at Medicine Hat. After being detained three days the man was released. He came east and on Tuesday evening arrived at Moose Jaw. He stopped at Cavan on the chance. He was held at Moose Jaw until yesterday afternoon, without trial, when he was released on a writ of habeas corpus for his release. These repeated and apparently causeless detentions have made a mad man, and have considerably altered the man's ideas respecting British fair-play, law and justice.

Pasqua Chips.

PASQUA, May 6, 1895.—Seeding is finished, average about the same as last year. Prospects good for a big crop, but nothing can only depend on the weather. Everything very quiet. O. P. M. has been on sick list, but has recovered. Mr. Simmon's oldest daughter had the misfortune to break a bone in her leg last Sunday by falling off a horse.

Stoney Beach.

STONEY BEACH, May 8, 1895.—The farmers here have finished seeding, and some are breaking new land, while others are summer-fallowing.

Miss Sarah Porter left Saturday for Virden to spend the summer with her brother Joseph. First annual picnic of the Patrons is dated for first Saturday in June, and will be held at the junction of the Moose Jaw and Qu'Appelle rivers. All are cordially invited to abandon care and trouble for a day. Our band and orchestra will play excellent music; a large dance platform will be provided, and there will be booths with ice cream as cold as ice can make it. Saturday, June 1st.

Mr. Fletcher now has charge of Annable's stable at Moose Jaw.

W. G. Young of Rocky Lake Coulee, has planted a large number of shade trees this spring.

One of the biggest gatherings ever seen at the Beach was that at Andrew Hegerty's on Friday. Over 125 assembled at the junction of the Moose Jaw and Qu'Appelle rivers. All are cordially invited to abandon care and trouble for a day. Our band and orchestra will play excellent music; a large dance platform will be provided, and there will be booths with ice cream as cold as ice can make it. Saturday, June 1st.

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Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sold by W. W. Bole.

TEACHER WANTED!

Second or third class for Coventry School District No. 213. Duties to commence immediately. Apply F. A. COVENTRY, 45-47p Moose Jaw.

Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Supplementary Seed Grain.

A car load of seed barley will arrive here on Monday next for distribution among farmers. The government hope to realize sufficient to meet the demand sent to Calgary, sufficient to defray the cost of supplementary seed given this district.

Queen's Birthday Sports.

It was decided at a meeting held last evening to hold a baseball tournament here on May 2nd. Committees were selected to secure subscriptions for prize list, and to make arrangements for sports. Sington, Volesey, Indian Head, Regis, Buhler, and Medicine Hat will be invited to send teams.

Mr. Whyte's Trip.

Gen. Sup't. Whyte, C.P.R., who went west last week, returned to Moose Jaw yesterday. He spent several hours here, and proceeded on the Soo express to Estevan. The Superintendent despatched upon quite a number of chores and about the station and garden. In view of the damage it is possible that he may have a bearing on the Moose Jaw dam question. It is not the intention of the company to build a new dam here this season; but next year one will be erected.

LOST

One sorrel mare seven years old, branded A, on off shoulder, and HR (joined) on right shoulder; two white hind feet and white stripe down face. Strayed from 17, 16-26. Suitable reward will be paid. JAS. N. KEAY, Moose Jaw P.O.

LOST, \$10 REWARD.

A band of 10 horses left Craven, Qu'Appelle Valley, last fall, seen near Moose Jaw going west en route Sask. Landing, bought from Messrs. Jones & Smart, Sask. Valley ranchers.

1 roan mare with colt, 1 bay mare, 14 hands high

1 bay gelding, 16 hands high An anchor

1 dappled grey mare X

1 buckskin pony 5 and 0 No brand

1 sorrel mare 1 brown 2 year old colt No brand

1 sorrel pony gelding No brand

1 sorrel pony mare No brand

Any person coralling this band of horses and sending the owners word by mail will receive the above reward. Any person holding these horses after the appearance of this advertisement will be prosecuted by law.

ALGERNON MORT, Rancher, Regina P.O.

THOS. HEALEY

Has just unpacked and placed on exhibition the most complete and select stock of SOFT CHOICE CANDIES ever sold in Moose Jaw.

THOS. HEALEY.

Also Pineapples, Strawberries, &c., on the way—constantly fresh. Goods bought right will be sold cheaper than before. Just ask the price.

THOS. HEALEY.

The Carmel young ladies are like the whirlwind, they come and go very rapidly.

B. Crozier, of Marlborough, passed through Carmel on his way to attend a grand ball at Stoney Beach. Ben always combines business with pleasure so he took with him a fine yearling colt to try and trade for a span of mares.

A Highland Scotch Laird while driving out from town last Saturday evening was heard conversing with an imaginary person.

A few of his remarks were: "What do you think (hic) of the present government (hic)? You seem to be very quiet (hic). Are we to have a big (hic) crop?" Of course there was no reply and the talkative Scotchman gave Nero a tap with the gentle reminder and hurried home.

Ladies' White Canvas shoes.....at \$1.00

Miss....." sizes 6 to 10.....90

Children's.....".....at \$1.35

Men's White Canvas shoes.....at \$1.35

" Colored75

Boys'75

Our stock of boots and shoes is complete in all the newest styles.

It will be well to get our prices before buying, as we are offering some wonderfully good values.

We start.

Admission free. All are welcome. But don't forget your baskets.

Robert Alma Hill, son of Mrs. Armstrong of Moose Jaw, Hill, who has been under the guardianship of Mr. T. Webb of this place, left last Saturday to go with his mother to Edmonton. The boy was much attached to Mr. Webb and was loath to part from his kind benefactor.

The Mayor of Carmel has gone on a fishing excursion to Long Lake. The Mayor is a genuine disciple of Isaac Walton. His love for the sport is so great that he was not discouraged after fishing at the town dam for four or five hours and only capturing four suckers about five inches long. He hopes to better his success at the lake.

We extend our sympathy to the person who was so unfortunate as to have his best coat and dinner pail devoured by some carnivorous animal, and would willingly donate a small amount towards purchasing a new outfit.

But it is with pity that I regard that likely person who so far forgot himself as to meddle with the offices of our worthy minister and his pastoral visits. If Dr. Whyte would save his paper and ink and drop an odd nickel into the collection plate when it is passed around instead of looking out of the window, the minister would be better pleased.

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